

REVOLVER DIDN'T BRING BRAVERY

An Interesting Physiological Study of
a Youth's Experience For
Five Days.

This story belongs in the archives of the Society for Psychological Research or the Association for Metaphysical Investigation, or something of that sort. Actually it is not a news story at all. Save in its final scene it was not enacted in the public view, and probably it would never come to light if the young man hadn't told it himself.

It all started with the purchase of a revolver. There was nothing extraordinary about the gun. The pawnbroker assured the youth that it was valued at something over a ten spot, but in consideration of his customer's position in society he—the pawnbroker—was willing to let it go at \$4. That the young man subsequently discovered that the gun might have been purchased new for the sum of \$4.25 does not detract from its merit as a weapon of offense, nor from the present tale.

The young man had heard that there were thieves at large in the city, and that their ways were those of blood and violence. Up to the date of his purchase, he had been accustomed, like other young men, to rely chiefly upon his fists for protection and similar uses and had, until then, no cause to doubt their efficiency. But he bought the revolver to be on the safe side.

That night he went home after dark. He was very conscious of the heavy weight in his overcoat pocket, and he held his hand upon the gun to ease the pull upon the garment. Reflections on the possible fate of highwaymen led him to speculate on their probable presence behind trees and the high fence half way to his house.

Then he stopped a moment to examine a box used for the tools of construction laborers. It had assumed a sinister aspect, quite new, and its shadows were certainly peculiar. The young man grasped the handle of the gun more firmly. Back yards loomed with shadows on the remainder of his journey, and the flight of five steps at his home were made in two bounds.

That night when he descended into the dark cellar for the purpose of applying a modicum of coal to the fire, he carried the gun with him and determined to fix the cellar window. The clasp had been broken for five months and burglars might get in.

The revolver reposed that night beneath a bolt upright in bed to analyze he sat bolt upright in bed to analyze suspicious noises.

Daylight brought returning courage, but with the shadows of evening fell also his spirits. It was worse than the night previous. He ran the greater part of the way home from the car and this time the revolver was in his hand.

Three days this thing kept up. From a strong nerve and healthy youth he verged upon hysteria. He left off his gloves the better to cope with sudden assaults, and his hands became such chapped. He left off his blue-jean call on a certain house in the East End because of the prevalence of hold up men. She would be disappointed of course, but was his life to be thrown away merely to satisfy a girl.

It was on a Monday that he bought the revolver. By Friday it had become his inseparable companion, and was beginning to show rust marks on the pickled parts from excessive holding in his perspiring hand.

That Friday night, at the urgent call of business, he ventured into the gloom that ordinarily appertains to 6 p. m. in early December. The way was lonely, and not one solitary figure could be seen far up and down the street. This if anything, was worse than hold up men in the flesh. He was ashamed to admit it to himself, but he trembled—actually trembled, and his teeth chattered to an extent entirely uncalled for by the cold. He hastened his steps, but pursuing shades made hideous his way.

There was a common on the road, and he dreaded beyond all utterance to pass it. He buried his head in his overcoat collar, and drew the gun. That was now no frequent occurrence. A far off light glimmered faintly and between it and the youth tall weeds swayed fantastically.

Then, suddenly, culmination—embodiment of horrors, out from the common emerged a man.

"Say, young fellow gimme—" The sentence was never finished. Half a block away a feeling figure rapidly diminished in the perspective before the astonished eyes of the interrogator, until it was swallowed in the night. The figure was that of the bold young man with the gun, purchased especially for hold ups, and he was running away.

Saturday morning a form, strangely similar to that which had vanished before the eyes of the man in the common, stood before the window of a pawnbroker. His gaze was fixed on an article in the pawnbroker's window, and that article was a revolver, slightly rusted about the grip. The youth at the window was soliloquizing.

"If I'd 'a' known that that blame gun could 'a' made an—of me like that I'd 'a' seen it in Halifax before ever I'd spent 4 cents for it. Good riddance to bad rubbish."

And with a jaunty swing that for

five days had been absent from his carriage, the youth departed whistling. He had returned to his ancient belief in fists, and he was happy.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LITTLE THINGS

When Carefully Observed, Have Often Solved Great Problems.

"Speaking of the identification of men whose names may not be known for the moment, I am inclined to think we can get a great deal of aid from the Sherlock Holmes system," said an observant man, and I am reminded of this fact by a curious thing that happened in England a short time ago when a man was identified by the number he counted. He never counted beyond the number of nails in a horse's shoe. The doctors decided that he was a horse-shoer. This led to the discovery of the man's name, and he was finally identified positively and turned over to his own people. The point in this is that there's a great many small things which, if noticed and properly considered, will aid us in solving the deepest and most perplexing of mysteries. There are many remarkable instances of this sort on record, some of them equally as astonishing as many of the imaginative processes of Sherlock Holmes, or M. Loeuq. There are more not of record except in the localities where the particular thing happened. I recall one case where a man found a key hanging on a blackberry briar. This little discovery solved a mystery that was then 20 years old. The key belonged to a man who had mysteriously disappeared 20 years before. His bleached bones were found but a few feet away. Other links were welded into the chain until there was no question about the identity of the man, and those facts led finally to the discovery, arrest, conviction and execution of the man who had committed the murder. The man's clothes had rotted, a sprouting blackberry vine had grown through the key, and had taken it up and up, until it was held out where it could be seen of men, with the result indicated. The wife of a young doctor made a tidy out of his Auburn locks, and showed this tidy to a neighbor, adding the comment that she could not understand why her husband had been so foolish as to have his hair clipped so short, as it was very becoming to him. At that very moment the police were on the lookout for an Auburn-haired doctor who had chloroformed and robbed a big banker of the community. The police heard about the tidy incident, and in a short while they had enough evidence on which to base an arrest. The young doctor was arrested, and finally identified by the banker. There are many such cases, and in fact almost every community can probably cite some instance where these little things have led to the solution of mysteries which at first may have seemed impossible of solution.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

On the Waters of the Inland Sea. That day and that night and next day we had quiet seas and sunlight. The second night we were dining in Kolbe at a hotel to which Kipling once sang a just poem of praise—Kolbe, which he knew at once, he said, was Portland, Maine, though his feet had not then touched American soil. He was quite right. Kolbe might be any town anywhere. The next daybreak was of shattered silver, and it found us sailing through a still sea of silver from which volcanic islands leaped everywhere toward a silver sky. We were in the Inland Sea. To the eye, it was an opal dream—that Inland Sea—and the memory of it now is the memory of a dream—a dream of magic waters, silvery light and forlorn islands—bleak and many-peaked above, and slashed with gloomy ravines that race each other down to goblin-haunted water caves, where the voice of the sea is never still. This sea narrowed by and by into the Shimonoseki Straits, which turn and twist through rocks, islands, and high green hills. Through them we went into the open ocean once more. In the middle of the next afternoon we passed for a while through other mountain-bordered straits, and by and by there sat before the uplifted eye, Nagasaki, with its sleepy green terraces, rising from water level to low mountain top—where the Madame Chrysanthemum of Loti's fiction is a living fact today. Who was it that said after reading that book, he or she would like to read Pierre Loti by Madame Chrysanthemum? It must have been a woman—and justly a woman—sure. There is an English colony at Nagasaki and a few Americans who cling together and talk about going home some day—all exiles, all most hospitable to the stranger, and all unconsciously touched with the pathos of the exile wherever you find him.—From "Making for Manchuria," by John Fox, Jr., in the Christmas (December) Scribner's.

Just as Bad. First sailor—They tell me that old Bill took so much grog that he got tersein' things yesterday.

Second sailor—Not exactly; the cook gave us spaghetti for mess, an' Bill thought it was snakes.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Only Way. Mrs. Plainly—Of course, I expect you will make my picture look like that of a beautiful woman. What pose would you suggest?

Philosopher—Did you ever try a back view?—Detroit Free Press.

CORRESPONDENCE.

New Chamberburg, Dec. 22.—Mrs. Henry Egley, Frank Lower and Mrs. Emmet Pieren are all improving.

Miss Bertha Kifer is working for Henry Egley.

William Kifer and Miss Summerville were married December 15.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Mangus have been the guests of their son Marion.

Chloris, the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Edward King is recovering from illness.

The protracted meeting at the Christian church at New Alexander has been postponed on account of the illness of the minister's wife.

The members of the Disciple church are preparing to have a Christmas tree on Saturday evening, December 24.

Mr. Hooker, who has been spending a few days in Alliance has returned to John Bower's home.

Jefferson Milbourn is no better at this writing.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Risen, a daughter.

Fernanda Pieren and wife of near Homeworth, called on J. Pieren Monday.

The little child of Marion Stump is on the sick list.

E. C. King is out buying chickens. Mrs. Henry Bower is spending this week with her daughter, Mrs. Sheekels.

Mrs. Ida Walters and daughter Mabel, were the guests of Jacob Glass Sr., Sunday.

May Evans of this place, was visiting Cora Glass of near Alliance a few days.

E. G. Weaver and Dora Custer attended church at New Alexander Sunday.

Clarence Myers and brother were shopping in our town Sunday.

May Evans and Celestia Klein attended church at New Alexander Sunday.

John Glass, wife and daughter are visiting in Salem.

A surprise party was held at Isaac Brenner's Saturday evening. There was a large attendance and a good sojable time.

Miss Mary Humphrey has returned home.

John Hill, wife and daughter have been calling on Mrs. Hill's people.

Mrs. Frank Sanor called on Mrs. H. E. McNely Sunday.

Mrs. Sue Smith and Walter Cogan called on Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lower Sunday.

Vein Bowman has purchased a new survey.

Mr. Bowman, wife and son and Frank Campbell visited at Frand Cold-smith's Sunday.

Ollie Hartsough of near Winona has been hauling coal from this place.

A large crowd of Homeworth people started for the dance at this place. Their wagon was not as strong as it should have been and it broke down on the way.

Jesse Sanor was calling in town Sunday evening.

Miss Mary Summers made a business trip to Moultrie Monday.

Mrs. J. B. Helm is still ill.

John Mattie has rented a farm near Louisville.

Lewis Shively, the merchant of Moultrie, has purchased the farm known as the Abram Haines farm, situated at the edge of Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Shively will take possession in the spring.

William Miller was through town on business Tuesday.

Mr. Hawkins of Augusta was in town on business Monday.

John Bowers made a business trip to Minerva Tuesday.

A masquerade and oyster supper will be held on December 28.

Lewis Albright, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Albright, died Tuesday morning, December 20, of consumption of the bowels. He was 28 years of age and leaves a mother, father, brother and sister, and a host of friends to mourn his loss. His wife preceded him to the tomb about 2 years ago. He was highly respected by all who knew him.

A precious one from us has gone, A voice we loved is stilled, A place is vacant in our home Which never can be filled.

New Alexander, Col. Co., O., Dec. 22.—Lewis F. Albright of North Georgetown, O., departed this life on the morning of December 20. Mr. Albright was born near North Georgetown and lived there the greater part of his life. He was united in marriage to Mary A. Reamer of New Alexander December 15, 1901. She died February 15, 1902. Mr. Albright has been in failing health since the death of his wife. He traveled over a part of the western United States in search of health, but failed to find any relief until death ended his suffering. Death was caused by tuberculosis. He was a member of the Disciple church of New Alexander. He was an honest, upright man. He leaves to mourn his loss his father, mother, sister and brother; also a large circle of friends. Funeral services were held at New Alexander, burial at Moultrie cemetery Thursday.

Miss Bertha Zepernick is home for a week or so from Hilam, where she is attending college.

There was preaching at the Disciple church Sunday morning and evening. There is to be a Christmas entertainment at the Disciple church Sunday night; also a quilt to be sold.

A number attended the rag sewing at Mrs. Snevels last Friday. After the rags were sewed a fine lunch was

served.

Joseph Snevel has gone to Cleveland for a few days.

Mrs. John Summer and daughter Mary, were at Alliance recently.

Mrs. John Werts of Cleveland, was calling on her mother, Mrs. Almira Snevel, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Sanor was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Cassius Sanor recently.

Mary Summer was at Moultrie Monday.

Frank Lower is improving.

Miss Mabel Summer of Philadelphia is home to spend Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Summer. Miss Alice Wickersham and Ralph Whitacre were visiting Carrie Summer Sunday.

Frank Barnes is on the sick list. Miss Emma Hofer was visiting near Winona for a few days.

Mrs. Emmet Pieren is slowly improving. Dr. Anderson, of Salem, was called to see her Tuesday.

Rev. Young will preach at the Christian church Sunday and also Sunday evening.

Ben Smith and Frank Sanor were helping J. A. Summer recently.

Mr. Lotz was at East Rochester recently.

John Strom was calling in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Lawrence Zepernick and daughter Bertha were calling in Hanoverton recently.

Willie Wilson of near Winona was calling in our vicinity a few days ago.

George Reamer and Joseph Kennedy were at Moultrie recently.

Fred Eleri was calling in town recently.

Malvern, Dec. 22.—James T. Hewitt, of Waynesburg, called on his old friends and comrade, B. F. Metz, last week. Mr. Metz has been quite ill but is improving.

Mrs. J. G. Murdock, who has been indisposed since her return from Hudson is regaining her usual health.

Florence Hoffee is on our streets again after an illness of two weeks.

Mrs. John Howenstine and children of Massillon, are here for a Christmas visit with Mrs. Howenstine's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wilson.

Mrs. Walter McNeal returned Monday after a week's visit with her husband at Mineral City.

Spillman Riggs, lecturer, whistler and musical impersonator, will fill the second number of our lecture course at School hall, December 27.

Caroline Fisher spent Sunday at Oneida, the guest of Miss Grace Poterford.

Lewis Larbacher, an aged citizen living one mile east of this city, died at his home Saturday night, and was buried Tuesday morning at St. Xavier's Catholic cemetery. Rev. Father Fladung officiated. Undertaker Swishhelm had charge of the funeral.

Mrs. Kennedy Worley, formerly Miss Daisy Galatin, died at her home north of Oneida Sunday morning, and was buried at Bethlehem cemetery Tuesday afternoon. The burial was in charge of Funeral Director Joseph Swishhelm.

Miss Nellie Ulman left for Moundsville, W. Va., last week, where she will take treatment in the hospital for bone disease of the face brought on by having a tooth extracted.

Mrs. Vinta Kratz is suffering from a burnt hand. Her sister, Miss Minta Roach it still quite ill, with little prospect of her ultimate recovery.

Rev. T. V. Milligan, of the Presbyterian church, severed his connection with the Bethlehem congregation last Tuesday morning. The church will be without a minister during the winter.

The Presbyterian Sunday school will have a Christmas program and treat Sunday morning. The M. E. Sunday school will render a program Sunday evening. Both programs will consist of song service interspersed with recitations, drills, etc.

Mrs. Fred Buel, of Toledo, is here for a Christmas visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Smith.

Mrs. John B. Myers entertained the Saffy club at her home on South Reed avenue Thursday evening. Those present were Mesdames Buel, Hewitt, Yost, Robertson, Rhel, Tewel, Laubender, DeWees, Deckman, Wilson and Dumbleton; Misses Jennie Graham, Bertha Richards, Clara Weigand, Jessie and Jennie Crumbecker, Viva Dumbleton, Coyla Laubender and Effie Dickey. Everyone reports a splendid time.

Mrs. I. W. Thompson spent Thursday calling on Waynesburg friends.

Miss Jennie Graham spent Sunday at Oneida the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Thompson.

Mrs. Dr. Rhel and daughters Lena and Mary, are guests of Canton friends this week.

Mrs. Lulu Stansberry returned Saturday from a visit with friends in Canton and Akron.

Fred Rukenbrod and family have removed to the Michael Buck property south of town.

Miss Ollie Duell, pupil of the grammar grade, has been quite ill at her home for the past two weeks with tonsillitis.

Mrs. Bert Wilson entertained Misses Cora and Lucy Gamber at dinner Sunday.

Paris, O., Dec. 22.—Miss Hettie Gerwig who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Ed Beabout, went to Pittsburgh last week to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hahn and family of Freeburg, Messrs. William and Adam Schory and sisters Lizelle and Clara of Talpahok, enjoyed Sunday at the home of John Lentz.

Mr. and Mrs. Motts visited with Jacob Motts, Jr., and family Sunday.

Mrs. C. Sefer and daughter, Ruby,

were Alliance callers Saturday.

John Foltz made a business trip to Canton Monday.

Eva Sponseller spent Sunday at the home of Lewis Conrad.

Tom Kane was calling on Curtis Haines and family Sunday.

Rufus Myers and family of Minerva were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Farmer Sunday.

Miss Goldie Liversberger visited her aunt Milton Skelly of Canton one day last week.

Nova Wadman is working at the home of her uncle, Frank Paris.

Fred Mayer, who has been visiting with his daughter, Mrs. Jacob Motts, the past three weeks, has gone to Louisville to visit friends.

Lewis Speakman, whose face and hands were badly burned while working in a coal mine near his home, by the lighting of powder, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Motts spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. John Lentz.

Miss Mabel Wartman spent Tuesday night with her friend, Ethel Sponseller.

Roy Motts entertained Oliver Bates and family with his phonograph one evening last week.

Miss Flossie Schull spent several days last week with her friend Grace Speakman.

The snow storm has blocked the road south of town.

Ralph Hay, of Canton, is spending his holiday vacation with his grandparents.

Jacob Snyder has hired Omer Ross for the ensuing year.

Joseph Bair had a telephone placed in his house last week.

Ice harvesters are making preparations to put away their ice. As the water is low it will not be as convenient to harvest as in some years.

The Lutheran Sunday school will render their Christmas service Christmas eve.

The Reformed Sunday school will render their service Christmas evening.

Charles and Manuel Maurer and families spent Sunday with their parents.

Mrs. Joseph Livingston visited with her daughter, Mrs. Web Hane, of Robertsville, Tuesday.

Manuel Weiss took a load of fine poultry to E. M. Hahn of Freeburg on Tuesday.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

ALLIANCE—Third ward.

Margaret Hughes to Robert Ely, lot 3338, \$1,300.

Robert Ely to Charles H. Ely, lot 3338, \$1,300.

Sugar Creek township.

William B. Kohr to Emma Hudson, Wilmot, Agler's addition, lot 87, \$210.

CANTON—Second ward.

Alice T. Wernet to Alice T. Guest, lot 5965, \$50. Dup. value.

Fourth ward.

M. Vaitman to Rachael Vaitman, lot 1449-1450, 56 ft. N. E., \$100.

Eli Yoder to George W. Oliver Sr., S. P. N. E., Sec. 10-273, 9-100 acres, \$654.

Third ward.

Dimes Savings Bank Co. to Louis J. and Cora E. Favret, lot 93, 30x90, \$6,500.

Adam D. Howard to George Oliver, lot 1139, S. 1-2, E. 1-2, \$215.

ALLIANCE—Fifth ward.

Agnes M. W. Robertson to L. E. A. & W. R. R., lot 1802, 40 feet W., \$25.

PERMITS TO WED.

Cornelius Denker 25, Rosenna Amos 20, Beach City.

John Hodgson 22, Alice Dewalt 24, Canal Fulton.

Henry Whitsel 20, Bessie Streiber 19, Canton.

Joseph Wetzel 61, Frances Moore 52, Massillon.

John B. Clapper 30, Emma Ringer 30, Louisville.

Geo. A. Ogilethorp 25, Margaret Clare 23, Navarre.

Albert Kratzsch 30, Elnoe Cooper 18, Bolivar.

Tribesmen After Raisuli.

Tangier, Morocco, Dec. 22.—(London Times).—The mountain tribesmen of Morocco, annoyed by the influence of Raisuli, the bandit, and his high handed action, and jealous because of the money he obtained from the Pasha's affairs, intend to attack his mountain stronghold. Moorish officials are said to be offering a reward for the death or capture of Raisuli.

Her Reply.

The poet wrote his love a rhyme, Impassioned rhyme and sweet, Invited her to come with him Where waves might wash their feet.

She sent his poem back to him, And it made his pulse stir To read this postscript. Wash your own!

Mine do not need it, air!—Houston Post.

Probate Court.

Estate of Esther Davies, Alliance, will admitted to probate. John Davies appointed executor.

Estate of Wm. P. Stevenson, Alliance, distribution ordered.

Leg Broken.

John Schaffly, a local shoe clerk, fell on the ice on East Tuscarawas street Monday night and fractured one of the bones of his right leg. He will be confined to his home, 1216 East Third street, for some time.

Old River Captain Dead.

Marlette, Dec. 20.—Captain James Hunter, one of the veteran captains of the Ohio river died this morning aged 79.

WAGES ON THE FARM.

Average Amount Paid to Farm Laborers in United States.

The Department of Agriculture, through its 25,000 agents and correspondents in the United States, has collected some valuable facts on farm labor, a summary of which is given as follows:

The total number of farm laborers is placed at 4,410,910, of whom more than half are actual farmers and members of their families. The remainder, 2,044,762, come properly under the head of farm laborers, and the statistics of wages deal with them alone. Of this number there are included 222,600 females, and the bulk of these are employed on cotton plantations of the members of farmers' families about twice as many female laborers are recorded, but here also it is mainly in the southern states that the women and girls work in the fields.

The latest average for the entire country of farm wages, without board, is \$22.14 monthly, against \$20.23 in 1899, and still less in every earlier year since the period of scarcity just before the Civil War. The low point was \$16.42 in 1879. Wages of farm labor with board averaged \$16.40 against \$14.07 in 1899 and \$10.43 in 1879. These figures apply to classes of employment all the year round and the long period